THE WORSHIPFUL

Company of Tallow Chandlers.

ENTERTAINMENT TO THE LADIES,

AT THE HALL,

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1878.

Master.

GEORGE JEFFKINS ESQ.

Deputy Master.

WILLLIAM WRIGHT, ESQ.

First Warden.

JOHN S. BOWLEY, ESQ.

Second Warden.

JAMES P. JONES, ESQ.

Third Warden.

BENJAMIN B. TURNER, ESQ.

Fourth Warden.

EDWARD SEARLE, ESQ.

Clerk and Solicitor.

EDWIN BEDFORD ESQ.

A Selection of Vocal and Instrumental Music,

(Under the Direction of Mr. CHAPLIN HENRY.)

TO BE PERFORMED BY

MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR,

MISS HELEN D'ALTON,

MASTER TAPLEY,

MR. A. KENNINGHAM,

AND

MR. CHAPLIN HENRY.

SOLO, FLUTE - MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE.

AT THE PIANOFORTE - - - MR. J. KIFT.

PROGRAMME.

GRACE .. "For these and all Thy mercies," *Laudi Spirituali.*

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

VALSE .. .. "Hope and joy," .. *G. Buckland.*
MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR.

FLUTE OBBLIGATO - MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE.

NEW SONG "An English flag and an English crew," *Blumenthal.*
MISS HELEN D'ALTON.

SONG .. .. .. "Sweethearts," .. *A. S. Sullivan.*
MR. ALFRED KENNINGHAM.

NEW SONG .. "Down in the deep," .. .. *Harding.*
MR. CHAPLIN HENRY.

TRIO .. "O happy fair," (The Loadstars) .. *Shield.*
MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR, MISS HELEN D'ALTON,
AND MR. CHAPLIN HENRY.

SONG .. .. "Told in the twilight," .. .. *Molloy.*
MASTER TAPLEY.

DUET .. .. .. "Cheerfulness," .. .. *Gumbert.*
MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR, & MISS HELEN D'ALTON.

SONG .. .. "My pretty Jane," .. *Sir H. R. Bishop.*
MR. A. KENNINGHAM.

SOLO, FLUTE .. "The keel row," .. .. *Carte.*
MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE.

SONG .. .. "Bid me discourse," .. *Sir H. R. Bishop.*
MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR.

DUET .. "Home to our mountains," (Trovatore) .. *Verdi.*
MASTER TAPLEY, AND MR. A. KENNINGHAM.

OLD BALLAD .. "The oak and the ash," .. *A.D.* 1620.
MISS HELEN D'ALTON.

NEW BALLAD .. "Yes, loving hearts," .. .. *Fase.*
MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR.

SONG .. .. "Sweet and low," .. .. *Wallace.*
MASTER TAPLEY.

GLEE .. .. "Sleep, gentle lady," *Sir H. R. Bishop.*

The order of the above may be varied.

GRACE.

From the "Laudi Spirituali," A.D. 1545.

FOR these and all Thy mercies given,
We bless and praise Thy Name, O Lord!
May we receive them with thanksgiving,
Ever trusting in Thy word!
To Thee alone be honour, glory,
Now, and henceforth, for evermore.—Amen.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Dr. John Bull.

GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix;
O save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
"God save the Queen!"

VALSE ... ... *G. Buckland.*

"HOPE AND JOY."

MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR.

(Flute obbligato, MR. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE.)

JOY seemed to greet me, as I walk'd along,
Hope seem'd to meet me with a merry song,
Tho' the stars were peeping in the cloudless sky,
And the brooklet seem'd to sing nature's lullaby,
Tho' birds were sleeping in each little nest,
Joy did not slumber, Hope was not at rest.

Hope like a young bird must not soar too high,
Joy is too thoughtless, sorrow may be nigh
Though the bird be singing, tender little dove,
There may be a cruel hawk hovering above,
Go, thoughts of darkness, chase dull care away,
Hence clouds of sorrow, I'll be glad to-day.

SONG ... . *Blumenthal.*

"AN ENGLISH FLAG, AND AN ENGLISH CREW."

MISS HELEN D'ALTON.

CHEER up, cheer up, my mother dear!
Ah! why do you sit and weep?
Do you think that He who guards me here,
Forsakes me on the deep?
Let hope and faith light up your glance,
When you see the bark set sail;
Look at her now, and see her dance,
Oh, why do you grow so pale?
There's an English flag, and an English crew,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam,
Be sure the last breath on his lip
Was a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up, methinks I heard
A voice in the anchor chain,
That whisper'd like a fairy bird,
"The ship will come again."
God bless thee, mother, adieu, adieu!
But never weep for your boy in blue.
There's an English ship, and an English crew;
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

SONG ... ... *Sullivan.*

"SWEETHEARTS."

MR. ALFRED KENNINGHAM.

TAKE this flow'r, dear love," said he;
He spake with a tearful sigh;
That night he was going across the sea,
And this was his last good-bye.
She took the gift with a scornful smile,
In the flush of her maiden pride;
With heartless guile she dallied awhile,
Then threw the flower aside.
Oh! love, for a year—a week—a day,
But alas for the love that loves alway.

"Give me a flow'r, dear love," said he,
She threw the flower he craved.
"Now by the love that I have for thee
My breaking heart is saved."
He kissed it once with a tender sigh,
And treasured it near his heart;
"'Though years roll by, this flower and I
Shall never, never part."
Oh! love for a year—a week—a day,
But alas for the love that loves alway.

They met again in after years,
In life's sad, sorrowful time;
Their heads were heavy with age and tears,
And white with winter rime.
He found the flower she scorn'd in play
At her faithful heart did dwell;
His flower, they say he had cast away
Before its petals fell.
Oh! love, for a year—a week—a day,
But alas for the love that loves alway.

W. S. Gilbert.

NEW SONG ... ... *J. L. Hatton.*

"DOWN IN THE DEEP."

MR. CHAPLIN HENRY.

THE home of the Mermaids, where doth it lie?
Where do they hide by night?
When raging storms and lightnings are nigh,
Whither take they their flight?
Down in the deep!

The brave British Tar whose life on the sea,
In dangers great is pass'd
If there overtaken by death he should be,
Where is his home at last?
Down in the deep!

And where is the place that the Diver alone,
Can toil for his daily bread;
Tho' wild rolling waves and hoarse winds should moan,
Over his lonely head?
Down in the deep!

TRIO ... ... *Shield*

"O HAPPY FAIR,"

(*The Loadstars.*)

MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR, MISS HELEN D'ALTON, AND
MR. CHAPLIN HENRY.

OH! happy, happy, fair,
Your eyes are loadstars, and your tongue
sweet air,—
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Shakespeare.

SONG ... ... *J. L. Molloy.*

"TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT."

MASTER TAPLEY.

I LOOK back to childhood's summer,
And a picture comes to me
Of an open lattic'd window
Looking out across the sea.
When a mother's arm was round me,
And with voice so sweet and low,
Told me tales of childhood's dreamland,
In the twilight long ago.

Weird and white the lighthouse rises,
O'er the bar the long waves croon,
Far away the ships glide onward,
Black against the ghostly moon.
Came from all a tender fancy,
That a mother can but know,
Thrilling me with awe and wonder,
In the twilight long ago.

Years have come and years have vanish'd,
Only yesterday it seems;
Life has fleeted by so quickly,
With its tales and wondrous dreams.
But no tale was ever sweeter,
Brighter dreams I ne'er shall know,
Than those tales of childhood's dreamworld,
In the twilight long ago.

DUET ... ... *Gumbert.*

"CHEERFULNESS."

MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR AND MISS HELEN D'ALTON.

WHAT is sweeter—what is fleeter—
Than youth's short and sunny day?
Brightly glowing—swiftly going—
Time of roses, could it stay!
If we would cherish
Youth ne'er to perish
We must keep our hearts for ever gay.

Joy, success, ever bless
Merry heart, cheerful spirit,—
These alone make our own
Youthful joy and delight;
Then thro' life blithely wander,
Gloomy fears never ponder,
Life's reward they inherit
Who with patience and courage drive care to flight.

What if the tempest threaten to harm us,
Yet of hope's rainbow it cannot disarm us,
And soon our sky will grow clear again,
As sunshine cometh after rain.

Tread with true cheerfulness life's paths aright,
Then blooms the world like a dream of delight.

Song ... ... *Bishop.*

"MY PRETTY JANE."

Mr. Alfred Kenningham.

MY pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening
While the bloom is on the rye;
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening
While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding-day,
And I will buy the ring:
The lads and maids in favours white,
The village bells shall ring:
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening,
When the bloom is on the rye.

Flute Solo,

Fantasia "THE KEEL ROW." ... *Carte.*

Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge.

Song . . . . . *Sir H. R. Bishop.*

"BID ME DISCOURSE."

Miss Annie Sinclair.

BID me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green;
Or, like a nymph, with bright and flowing hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.

DUET ... ... *Verdi.*

"HOME TO OUR MOUNTAINS."

"Si la stanchezza." "Il Trovatore."

MASTER TAPLEY AND MR. A. KENNINGHAM.

Azucena.

ES, I am griefworn and fain would rest me
But more than grief have sad dreams oppress'd me.
Should that dread vision rise in my slumbers,
Rouse me! its horrors then may depart.

Manrico. Rest thee, O rest thee! I will watch o'er thee;
Sleep may restore sweet peace to thy heart.

Azucena. Home to our mountains, let us return, love;
There in thy young days, peace had its reign;
There shall thy sweet song, fall on my slumbers;
There shall thy lute make me joyous again.

Manrico. Rest thee, O rest thee; kneeling beside thee,
I will pour forth my troubadour lay.

Azucena. Oh, sing and wake now
Thy sweet lute's soft numbers,

Both. Lull me to rest, charm my sorrows away.
Yes, I will pour forth my troubadour lay
Lull me to rest.

OLD BALLAD ... ... *A.D.* 1620.

"THE OAK AND THE ASH."

MISS HELEN D'ALTON.

A NORTH Country maid
Up to London had strayed,
Although with her nature it did not agree;
She wept, and she sighed,
And she bitterly cried,
"I wish once again in the North I could be."
"Oh, the Oak, and the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."

"While sadly I roam
I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lasses are making the hay:
The merry bells ring,
And the birds sweetly sing,
And maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay."

"Of parks they may talk,
Where 'tis fashion to walk;
I'll own the gay throng is a wonderful sight;
But nought have I seen,
Like the Westmorland Green,
Where all of us danced from the morning till night."

"No doubt, did I please,
I could marry with ease;
Where maidens are fair, many lovers will come;
But he whom I wed,
Must be North Country bred,
And carry me back to my North Country home."

NEW BALLAD ... ... *H. Fase.*

"YES LOVING HEARTS, 'TIS YE WHO MAKE THE HOME."

MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR.

AGAIN I trod the well-known path,
Beside the tangled wood,
And saw the trees, beneath whose shade
I knew my cottage stood.
The breeze of home caressed my cheek,
I smiled at dangers past,
"Dear home," I cried, "I'm happy now,
Beneath thy roof at last."
Yes, loving hearts, kind loving hearts,
'Tis ye who make the home.

Alas! for earth there is no sun
Without its neighbour shade,
Our joys are like the prophet's gourd,
They spring, alas! too soon to fade.
My home was there, but desolate,
I trod its paths alone!
It wanted hearts and kindling eyes,
The soul of home was gone.
Ah! loving hearts, kind loving hearts,
'Tis ye who make the home,

SONG ... ... *Wallace.*

'SWEET AND LOW."

MASTER TAPLEY.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon!
Sleep, my pretty one, rest.

GLEE "SLEEP, GENTLE LADY." *Bishop.*

MR. CHAPLIN HENRY,
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